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## ON HAVING A HOBBY.

It is matter of common observation that hobbies and their authors obtain but scant justice from the world at large. There are few persons who have not heard the pet projects of others mercilessly reviewed, and summarily condemned. The hobby-maker and the hobby-minder have come to be regarded as illustrative of a type of mental weakness out of which no good thing can be expected to come. Social history, however, is full of examples proving that many of the inventions which have revolutionised the world must have had their beginnings in studies that agree in every respect with the prevailing idea of a hobby. The whole history of invention is, in its earlier epochs, a record of hobbies, often frustrated, generally condemned, but afterwards bearing fruit in the shape of benefits and inventions which have made the modern world the wondrous age that it is.

It may thus be admitted that the repression of hobbies is often fraught with discouragement to a possible inventor, and may cause irretrievably the loss of many a useful art or process. There are, it is true, many absolute dreamers whose hobbies appear from their very nature to have no chance of realisation in any shape. We now look with lawful suspicion upon any attempt to make a pet project of 'perpetual motion'; and we do not hesitate to say even a harsh thing regarding the man who contends that the earth is a flat plain, in face of the school-boy's demonstration that the masts of an approaching vessel appear above the horizon before the hull. Such ideas are good examples of the hobby pure and simple, from the prosecution of which no good can be expected, and the study of which can be of no practical benefit to mankind, whose judgments, based on ascertained facts of science, are entitled to respect and belief. But the mistake commonly made consists in judging the merits of all subjects of special study by the demerits of a few hobbies; and against this

fallacy it is important that we should be on our guard.

There exist, however, another class of self-imposed studies, often pursued with avidity and care, but which meet with scant sympathy from the great bulk of even thoughtful and educated persons. We refer to hobbies connected with the abstract sciences, and with branches of study undertaken voluntarily and for no purpose of gain, but from what appears to be an infinitely higher motive—that of the social improvement of mankind, or of personal culture and higher education. Let us illustrate this class of typical 'hobbies' by a few examples. The employment of women in trades and professions hitherto closed to the sex, was deemed the hobby of a few energetic persons not so very long ago, even by those who might be supposed to have sympathised with the extension of the sphere of labour open to women, and with the increase of opportunities whereby the great army of working-women might earn their bread. Apart altogether from the vexed question of what higher professions are fitted for women, there remained the plain fact that many avenues existed wherein women might find profitable employment for their time, talents, and education. Yet, for long, the 'employment-of-women' question remained in the light of a veritable hobby. As such it was regarded by the outside public, and as such it met at first with but little sympathy from those who were best able to forward its interests. Now, however, opinion on this subject has completely changed. The hobby of a few earnest men and women has become part and parcel of our social order. Women now find employment in the most varied ways and fashions, and are enabled to earn a livelihood in positions of trust from which but a few years ago they were mercilessly debarred. The electric telegraph and postal services absorb a vast amount of female labour; the printing trade similarly employs females to a large extent; and these excellent examples but serve to indicate other results which the pursuit of a hobby—in

this case, a convertible term for a great philanthropic movement—has achieved.

Men and women with hobbies will thus, as a rule, be found to represent the vanguard of social movements of a highly important kind. The hobby of the temperance reformer seems to be more than justified by the amount of misery and crime proved to spring from intemperate habits; and notwithstanding the occasional absurdities of speech and argument into which a man's earnestness may carry him in this and in other social movements, no one will refuse to credit these reformers with a genuine love for their fellows, and with a strong desire to raise and elevate the social fabric of which they themselves form a part. How many delightful leisure hours are secured when music becomes the hobby of high and low alike; and how many sources of temptation would be avoided, especially by the working-classes, were such hobbies as gardening, flower-culture, music, and allied tastes more frequently cultivated. True, many of the movements of our day are of a very ephemeral kind. Some perish by reason of their extreme wildness; others, from the thinly disguised selfishness which appears to animate their whole procedure. But the lessons of the past teach us plainly that to be charitable in the matter of judging the pet schemes of others is a bounden duty; whilst the history of hobbies may also show us that mankind has often unconsciously endeavoured to repress the honest determination of thinking minds to benefit their race.

Of all hobbies which even in the present day meet with little sympathy from society at large, perhaps the 'hobby scientific' is the most notable. And yet on grounds not far to seek or difficult to find, such hobbies may be justified in a fashion and by arguments of a very convincing kind. A person from sheer love of nature, and impelled by tastes, of the origin of which he himself may perchance be unable to give any clear account, begins to cultivate some branch of science. At the root of his studies there is no desire to make gain by his pursuits. He employs his leisure time in the study, it may be, of chemistry, or in that of plants or animals; or hammer in hand, and bag on back, he explores the quarries, and returns laden with the records of the life of past worlds, which in the shape of 'fossils' he has gathered from the rocks. The mechanic, vasculum on back, starts on a Saturday afternoon on a botanical excursion, and spends his time in collecting and naming plants; in this way forming a catalogue of the flora of his district, and aiding in a most important fashion the endeavours of the man of science to obtain a complete record of the plant-life of the country. Another spends his leisure by the seaside, and works out the marine botany or zoology of his district. And a third, it may be, is an enthusiastic entomo-

logist, who, despite the sarcasm of his fellows respecting the ignoble pursuit of 'bugs' and 'beetles,' contrives to construct a catalogue of the insect-life of his shire, and to gain meanwhile no small insight into the works and ways of animated Nature. Of the beginnings of such studies the hobby-rider may, as we have remarked, be wholly ignorant. A science lesson at school may have struck the keynote of a longing desire to penetrate Nature's secrets, and to learn the story which, to the earnest mind, Nature is ever prepared to tell. Or a chance attendance at a lecture may have given an impetus to feelings already kindled in favour of a science-study as a profitable way of spending an idle hour. Thus day by day and year by year, the patient observer of Nature finds ever-increasing delight in his study of the world around him. To him Nature is like an illustrated book, the pictures and language of which he has, in part at least, learned to understand, and which affords him new delights at each fresh perusal.

Common experience shows that it is for studies and hobbies of such a nature that the stupid world has least sympathy. There are few persons who at some period or other have not heard comments unfavourable and sarcastic passed upon the student of Nature, who, finding delight and joy in the observation of the world of life around him, plods patiently onwards—his toil apparently meaningless, and his labours a mystery to his fellows. It is the reflection of such popular criticism upon the science-studies of the few, that is inimitably rendered in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, where the student of Nature is described as

Still poking his nose into this thing or that,  
At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,  
Or great ugly things, all legs and wings,  
With nasty long tails armed with nasty long stings.

Whilst a still more succinct description, from the popular side, of the untoward tastes of scientific persons, is contained in the lines:

He would pore by the hour o'er a weed or a flower,  
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;  
Black beetles, and bumble-bees—blue-bottle flies,  
And moths were of no small account in his eyes;  
An 'industrious flea' he'd by no means despise;  
While an 'old daddy-long-legs,' whose long legs and thighs  
Passed the common in shape, or in colour, or size,  
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.

Such a description of the habits of the student of Nature in one aspect, may be taken as a typical imitation of the verdict too frequently passed upon science-studies. There is no use, motive, or pleasure discernible to the popular eye in the 'weeds' of the botanist, or the slimy treasures which the zoologist gathers on the sea-beach. These things constitute hobbies with which nobody should have any sympathy, and for which it is surprising, according to the popular fiat, that anybody should have a taste. But unfortunately for the value of such arguments, the popular mind is hardly in the position to judge of the worth and pleasure of such studies. At

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the best, such opinions are those of a special bias which, entirely unacquainted with the pleasures and mental profit such studies afford, is incompetent to pronounce a just verdict upon the matter in question. A wise writer, speaking of the scant sympathy which the mental hobbies of men and women meet with from the outer world, says: 'Whatever you study, some one will consider that particular study a foolish waste of time.' And again he asks: 'What, when it is not your trade, can be the good of dissecting animals or plants? To all questionings of this kind, there is but one reply. We work for culture. We work to enlarge the intelligence, and to make it a better and more effective instrument. This is our main purpose; but,' concludes this author, 'it may be added that even for our special labours, it is always difficult to say beforehand exactly what will turn out in the end to be most useful.'

In the foregoing words is contained the full answer to the popular quibbles respecting the hobbies of science-study in which we may indulge. We seek a culture which some favourite study alone can give. We wish to find an intellectual prop on which we may lean when our days of weariness come, and when the idle time with its ennui and air of do-nothing-ness approaches. But the utility of such studies is not unrepresented in the argument. Such hobbies increase our powers of observation, and train our perceptions to note, to weigh and balance probabilities; in a word, they serve as a direct means of mind-training in right methods of thought. The botanist's observation of a flower, for instance, in its exactness and precision, instils habits of a like kind which cannot fail to exert some influence on the business habits of everyday life. And thus the pursuit of a hobby may mean an absolute gain to the common business of existence. To cite but two well-known names from the workers in science who pursue their hobbies with benefit to themselves and to the world at large—Mr De la Rue is none the worse a business man because of his discoveries in astronomy, and Sir John Lubbock is at once a naturalist, a banker, and a member of parliament. Besides, it should be noted that in such hobbies the beginnings of great discoveries often lie hidden; and there are none amongst us who may value lightly the addition of knowledge to man's estate.

Not the least important uses of such hobbies that remain to be noted, are their effect of teaching us to enjoy life more fully, and the aid they give us in reaching those higher ideals which every consideration of life's value prompts us to attain. How much of the beauty and fairness of the world must we lose if outward Nature is simply a blank, and if we know nothing of the constitution of the universe around us. The feeling of delight in what is fair and bright is intensified a thousand-fold, when we begin to understand the *rationale* of Nature, and when every flower and insect speaks to us in a language of which we know something. To high and low alike, the pursuit of such hobbies must serve as a powerful means for encouraging aspirations after nobler desires and higher and purer pleasures. Every effort to understand the why and wherefore of Nature is in reality but an expres-

sion of the desire to seek and find a higher ideal. Hobbies form in reality the beginning to many of a new intellectual life; and the cultivation of such tastes is not a matter which should escape the notice of the educationist, who, in his contact with the young, and by encouraging a taste to observe, may lay the foundations of future studies which will assuredly tend to ennoble and to perfect life.

Speaking of the training of the young in what many persons would be apt to consider hobbies and nothing more, a writer in *Nature* (1870) aptly says: 'Few have yet realised the enormous gain that will accrue to society from the scientific education of our women. If, as we are constantly being told, the "sphere of woman" is at home, what duty can be more clearly incumbent upon us than that of giving her the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of the laws which ought to guide her in the rule of her house? Every woman on whom the management of a household devolves may profit by such knowledge. If the laws of health were better known, how much illness and sorrow might be averted! What insight would a knowledge of chemistry afford into the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of different articles of food! What zest would be given to a country walk with the children, or a month by the seaside, if the mother were able to teach the little ones intelligently to observe and revere the laws of Nature! Above all, what untold sufferings, what wasted lives, are the penalty we have paid for the prudish ignorance of the physiology of their bodily frame in which we have kept our daughters. These considerations have had far too little place with us at present. We trust that a new era is dawning upon us.'

Thus the despised pet schemes and studies of the few may be justified in their beneficial effects upon the many; and thus also may we learn to recognise that there may exist true wisdom in the much-abused practice of 'having a hobby.'

## VALENTINE STRANGE.

### A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—'OF HOW MUCH HAVE YOU ROBBED US?'

HAD Garling's nerves been of steel instead of the ordinary human fibre, a shade tougher than common, he must needs have shaken a little when that grip fell upon his arm and the voice of his employer sounded in his ear. His head turned slowly, and he looked across his shoulder, meeting Lumby eye to eye. There was a wicked light in the eyes of both men. The merchant looked like a duellist ready to give account of a hated foe; the cashier's glance was like a snake's. Away rumbled the train; and for a half-minute after it had gone, the two stood on the deserted platform, looking at each other in the light of a lamp which stood close by, casting its rays between them. In the tension of his nerves, Lumby gripped harder and harder. In the tension of his nerves, Garling was unconscious of the grasp, after the first shock it gave him. Cool and ready as he was by nature, and swiftly as his mind

recovered itself, that wicked frozen glance lasted long enough to betray him a hundred times over.

'May I ask,' he said in a voice that grated curiously, and had to be strangely forced to make it audible, 'the meaning of this rather remarkable greeting?'

The merchant kept his eyes upon him, and for sole answer gripped by the other arm and shook him, very slightly, but strongly. This position made it somewhat difficult for Garling to look round; for his employer having in the first instance approached him from the rear, had laid his right hand on Garling's right arm, and now having grasped the other with his left, he stood almost behind his captive. The latter made no attempt to move, but kept that wicked backward-glancing eye upon the other's face. 'Pray, explain this curious action!' he said in the same grating tones.

'You villain!' cried the other, shaking him anew—'you scoundrel!' His voice also had undergone a change, and sounded harsh and low.

'You will regret this violence,' said Garling.

Lumby, without replying, thrust an arm through his, and led him from the platform. It would have been useless for Garling to resist, and he knowing that, was too wise to try. Lumby held to him so tightly, that when they came to enter the hansom, they bundled in together awkwardly, and the cashier found divers corners of himself confused. The cabman having received his instructions, drove in the direction of the offices, and the merchant gripped his captive all the way. In Garling's mind there was such blank despair and rage as only a foiled scoundrel is permitted to experience. To have come so near, after waiting so long, and at last on the very verge of victory, to be thus ignominiously taken, was maddening. Frenzies of rage and disappointment shook his heart, and if he had had a weapon in his hand, there were moments in that brief ride in which he would have willingly struck his captor dead. But he had still a stake to play for, though all his base gains of the past nine years were lost; and that stake was dear to him, for it was nothing less than liberty. There was such a strain of caution in the man, that he had counted on this failure all along, and had planned as carefully to meet it as if it had been certain. Not that it was any the less exasperating, now it came, for this prevision. His murderous glance, as he cast it now and again sideways on the fixed and silent face beside him, was warrant enough for that.

The offices being reached, Mr Lumby made the cabman dismount and ring the bell; and it was not until the night-watchman had opened the door that he permitted Garling to alight. 'Something real serious on foot,' thought the night-watchman, noting even on Garling's impassive face a shade he had never seen there until now, in all his knowledge of him. The cabman dismissed, the merchant marshalled Garling to his own room. As he went, the cashier saw that the gas jets were lighted all along that way, and nowhere else, as though warning had been given of their coming. He was in a mood to notice everything more closely than usual, and the great doors closing outside sounded to him like the closing of the

doors of a jail with him an inmate. At any other time, he thought, the sound would have fallen on his ears unheeded. He was cool enough to smile at that, and to murmur to himself 'Nerves!' by way of explanation.

The merchant locked the door, and always holding a wary eye upon the other, turned up the gas. Garling laid his hat upon the table, and stood observant. There was so little change in him, so little sign of fluster or fear, that his employer was almost staggered, looking at him. Could he look so cool, and yet be guilty? They faced each other.

'I have had reason given me lately,' said Lumby slowly, panting a little as he spoke, 'to suspect your probity. I have been making an investigation of those books, and have found that you began a fraud upon the firm nine years ago. I presume, since I found you in the act of escape to-night, that you have completed your fraud. Or had you learned that I was tracing you?'

Garling looked at him with glittering eyes, his head bent somewhat downward, his lips drawn tighter than was common with him, and a little paler. His skin had fallen from its ordinary sallow hue to a sort of stony gray.

'When did he begin to suspect?' he asked himself. 'How much does he know? Is there anything I can save from this ruin of my plans?' But he answered never a word.

'Speak!' said the merchant, panting at him, in an agitation terrible to look at. 'Of how much have you robbed the firm?' His face was alternately gray and purple. His features jerked and quivered, his hands shook, and a visible tremor possessed his whole body.—Garling read his own advantage in all these signs, and still said not a word.—'Speak! you—you scoundrel!' cried Lumby falling anew upon him, and seizing him by the waistcoat and the bosom of his shirt. 'Of how much have you robbed us?'

'Of not one halfpenny!' said Garling stonily. The words and manner so amazed the merchant that he dropped his hands. The cashier moved quietly, so as to place the table between them, keeping his eyes on Lumby as he stepped, and, laying one hand on the table, leaned slightly forward, whilst with the other he arranged his disordered dress. In this attitude he spoke again: 'Of not one halfpenny, or of everything—according as you use me.'

If any third person could have looked upon the scene at this minute, he might well have been excused had he mistaken the several parts they played. The just employer sank into a seat with his hands drooping by his sides and a face of extreme pallor. The fraudulent cashier, pale enough in all conscience, but self-possessed and firm, looked down upon him across the table, still fumbling with his hand at his bosom. Coupled with the calm in which he stood and the cruel look upon his face, the action, simple as it was, seemed deadly. It was as if he searched slowly and calmly for a weapon, and had the will to use it. Lumby made a great effort, and resumed something like composure.

'I might have guessed beforehand,' he said slowly, in a voice unlike his own, 'that if you chose a criminal course, you would go boldly and warily. I know now that you have chosen



such a course, and I tell you that the safest plan for you is to make a clean breast of it and confess everything. Of how much have you robbed us?

'Either of nothing, or of everything,' responded Garling. 'It is in your power to bring down utter ruin, or to recover all. Your treatment of me will determine that.'

'You mean that the firm is in your power?'

'Precisely,' said Garling.

'I do not know how that can be,' said Lumby; 'but it is a question easily tested.' He struck his hand heavily upon the bell which lay upon the table.

'I recommend you to pause,' said the cashier coldly. 'If you fulfil your present purpose, you are ruined.'

'I will see,' returned the merchant.

'You will see,' said Garling calmly. 'You propose to arrest me? Good. You may save yourself the trouble of opening your doors to-morrow. If I am arrested, the firm is bankrupt—hopelessly insolvent.'

'We shall see,' said Lumby. The cashier's voice and face, however, made such impression on him, that when the heavy footsteps of the night-watchman sounded in the corridor, he arose and waited at the closed door for his knock. The knock came, and Lumby opening the door, said only: 'Wait at the end of the corridor. I may want you in a moment.' He kept his eyes on Garling; and if in that stony and impassive countenance of his he had read a touch of fear or of boasting, either would have decided him. But he saw neither one nor the other. Garling had this advantage: he was enacting in earnest a scene which he had countless times rehearsed in fancy—and to play it well or ill was almost life or death to him. The door was closed and locked again, and the heavy footsteps retreated to the end of the corridor. Lumby, though liable to sudden gusts of passionate anger, and less under control than the other, was growing strung to something like the enemy's pitch. The intensity of mood had been beyond words already; but the intensity of manner was now increased tenfold by the near neighbourhood of the man, which reduced speech almost to a whisper. The merchant felt he had nothing to lose by a pause—he could afford to wait long enough to get light to go by.

'Are you prepared,' he asked, 'to make a full confession and restitution? Is that your meaning?'

'I may be induced to mean something like that,' the cashier answered.

'You may be induced?'

'I may be induced.' The villain's composure was a study.

'To mean something like that?'—with bitter irony.

'Something nearly approaching to it; yes'—with perfect business-like precision and quiet.

'Will you be so good as to tell me how we are in your power?'

'I will explain,' said Garling, clearing his throat slightly.

'Thank you,' returned Lumby—'if you will be so good.' Their eyes met again, and Garling's fell. His face became a little paler in its gray; but he cleared his throat again and went on.

His hand was still fumbling at his breast automatically, though he had forgotten the purpose which first sent it there.

'I proceeded in this matter,' he said harshly and drily, 'with much caution and foresight. I have never been a spendthrift, and in fact I have always lived well within my income. As a result of that, I have been enabled to employ such sums as I have transferred to my own service to considerable advantage, and ultimately to pass them, through varying channels, to swell the store I had begun to accumulate abroad.'—The merchant listened with a face as gray as Garling's own.—'The accumulations becoming in course of years, say three or four years, considerable, I was enabled to keep up a constant circulation of capital with such irregular additions and diminutions in the flow as would occur naturally in the course of an extensive business. At the end of perhaps five years, the impossibility of further operations of that simple order clearly declared itself. But by throwing up my plans at that time, I should have killed the goose which laid the eggs without having filled my basket. You will understand that at this time—now four years ago—everything that could be drawn from the firm in its then condition had been drawn, and that the firm lived by the continued circulation of that foreign hoard. I had laboured, as you know, to increase the scope of the House's operations, and in that direction I still laboured with some not inconsiderable measure of success.' Half-a-dozen times in the course of this statement the cashier raised his eyes, and meeting his employer's glance, looked down again. 'It would have been possible, since the original capital of the House was not only intact but multiplied, to have proceeded upon this plan indefinitely. But I found myself already past middle age, and—delays are dangerous. The channels in which the funds flowed—if I make myself clear—were circular. It was competent for me to arrest them at any point of the circle. That was a work of much delicacy, and demanded care and time. You will excuse me for offering you at this point only a general statement, and for avoiding detail which might obscure a broad view of the position. In brief, the various channels have all been directed into one reservoir, and have there discharged themselves. There is a drop or two in the London pipes, but nothing elsewhere. And the disadvantage of the House, and my advantage is, that the reservoir is available to me only.'

Mr Lumby sat still and looked at Garling. He had read of frauds, heard of them in plenty, had even assisted at the investigation of one or two; but he had never met with anything like the massive insolence, the colossal audacity of this defrauder.

'You had completed your work,' he said at length, 'and you were going to-night'—Garling slightly inclined his head, and moistened his dry lips a little with the tip of his tongue—'leaving the firm insolvent?'

'Leaving the firm insolvent!' Garling answered like a husky echo.

'And being caught,' said Lumby with a transient flush of triumph, 'you are ready to disgorge?'

'Partly,' answered Garling, 'and upon conditions.'

'I will accept no partial restoration,' said the merchant, by this time restored to full possession of himself, 'and I will make no conditions with you.'

'That is for you to decide,' responded Garling, 'not for me. But except upon my own conditions, my lips are sealed. You have no clue—forgive me if I lay the matter before you plainly—you have no clue at present to the whereabouts of the money, and if you should discover it, you cannot handle it.'

'I can send you to penal servitude, probably for life,' returned the merchant; 'and having done that, I can accept my fate equably.'

'You are willing to buy revenge at too dear a rate,' said Garling; 'and so far you have nothing to punish but the intention of a wrong. I heard it whispered this afternoon that you had intended to introduce Mr Gerard into the firm. If his wishes were consulted, now?'

'Garling,' said the head of the firm with measured sarcasm, 'it is to be regretted that you have made so poor a use of your talents. I had always a high opinion of your powers, and until now I never saw the flaw in them, or you. In me, you are utterly mistaken. You measure me by yourself, and in doing that you really offer me too much injustice. I will have no traffic with you until I have a full and complete surrender. I will make no promise, or hint at any promise, until you throw yourself entirely on my mercy; for I vow,' he cried with a sudden passion of righteous anger, 'that I would rather see my son break stones by the wayside, than make him a Cæsar by stooping to barter with your villainy! Decide then, and decide quickly. You may beggar me and mine; but, please God, you shall not smear our honest hands by passing any gift to them through yours.' Before this burst of wrath, Garling bowed his head gravely and quietly, and spread both hands abroad a little, as if deprecating an exaggerated view of things. Seeing this, the merchant again brought his hand down heavily upon the bell; and the watchman—who had heard his master's voice raised high in anger—came with alacrity to answer it. 'Decide!' said Lumby again, in a high voice, which rang like a knell in Garling's ears. But the cashier had played his game too long to be willing to relinquish all; and what daring could do he would do. With him the position was like that of a player in the American game of 'Brag,' and he had a shrewd suspicion that Lumby was in something of the same mood with himself. So, when the merchant cried 'Decide!' he waved his hands again with a repetition of the deprecatory gesture, and with a little downward motion of the head, he answered: 'I have decided.' The passionless gray of his face fell a tone lower, and Lumby saw it. Everything depended—for Garling's surmise respecting him was true—or seemed to depend, on his own promptitude and fearlessness of action. He called 'Come in!' in answer to the watchman's knock, and threw the door wide open.

'You abide by your decision?' he asked briefly and sternly.

'I abide by it,' was Garling's answer. 'Yes.' His cue was to conceal emotion, and he followed

it well; but he could not hide the moisture on his forehead, nor the twitching of his ashen lips, nor the tremor of his hand.

'I have your last word?' said Lumby. 'Remember! The next step is beyond recall.'

'So be it,' returned Garling. Since the opening of the door, their colloquy had been carried on in a low murmur, apart from the watchman, who, having advanced no farther than the mat in the doorway, stood there respectfully, twirling his cap in both hands. Lumby with one look, which fell full in Garling's eyes, turned to the man. He had but addressed him by name, when the cashier's voice, chill and measured, rose behind him, saying: 'Horton! You may go outside for a moment, and close the door.'—The man, with a look at his employer, obeyed.—'I throw up my hand,' said Garling. It was well for him that he read faces quickly and truly, and that he could estimate aright the resolution expressed in the gesture with which the merchant had turned away from him. 'I ask only one pledge.'

'I will give you no pledge at all,' returned the merchant.

'Permit me,' said Garling drily, pushing a letter-clip along the table with one hand and trifling with the spring. 'In this matter, I would venture to urge that you have scarcely any option. It is of more importance to recover your money than to have me transported. Until I receive your pledge that I go free, I will not speak a word.' His employer looked at him with a doubtful mastery of aspect. 'Observe. To imprison me is to call down certain ruin. Give me the pledge I ask for, and you have power enough to shake your last halfpenny from me.—You have brains enough to see that!' he added coarsely.

Lumby regarded him steadfastly. 'You are a cunning villain, Garling, and you have laid your plans well. I suppose I must wrong society by turning you loose upon the world. Have you—forgive my curiosity—any remorse for having rewarded an old friend's kindness in this way? Why, you cur, have you no memory of the favours heaped upon you? Haven't you a blush? The blood is ashamed of that fox face of yours, and runs away from it. You scoundrel!' This speech was dictated by many impulses. There was satire in it, and sorrow in it. There were contempt and anger. The final expletive was one of almost unmixed wonder. As for Garling, there was no denying that he bore the situation well. He had failed. The long-drawn and elaborate plot on which his splendid financial genius had for nine years centered itself, had crumbled to dust in an hour, every strand and thread of it dissolved, as though it had been woven of sand. He made no pretence of not caring, and gave no sign of being overwhelmed. He did not rage, and he did not fall into flippancy. He had missed the issue of his life, and this failure told him so. He had been phenomenal among swindlers, and had failed as vulgarly, and been caught as ignominiously as any city 'prentice who steals from the shop-till and is taken by the ear in the act. Where under these circumstances was the good of having been phenomenal! And here was old age coming—he felt old now—he had been young twelve hours ago, comparatively—

and he was dishonoured and thrown loose upon the world. Well, he would not grumble. He had weighed the stakes before he played for them, and he had staked and—lost. All that was left now was to come out of the ruin with as little damage as possible—or at least with as little sign of damage. So he bore his employer's reproaches with a contempt which under the circumstances was hardly curious.

'Let us be business-like,' he urged.—The Leviathan impudence of this reproach struck Lumby dumb, and even when he had recovered, it had the effect of restraining any further expression of his wrath. Speech was plainly of no effect in this case.—'If,' pursued Garling, 'you will draw up a statement of your own intention with regard to me, I will put into your hands my private ledgers, which will show you everything at a glance.'

'Are you so ignorant of the criminal code of England,' asked Lumby, 'as to suppose that any assurance of mine given now can hinder me from prosecuting you?'

'I am not so ignorant of *you*,' returned Garling, 'as not to know that you will not expose yourself as having gone back from your written word.'

'You have my word,' said the merchant.

'I can't show your word in court, if you deceive me,' said Garling.

'I suppose,' asked Lumby, 'that you have no belief in any man's honour?'

'I never had,' responded the defrauder grimly. And there, probably enough, was the key to his ruin. Lumby yielded, and wrote out the pledge he asked for, setting forth that it was given only on condition of complete restitution. Garling thereafter sat down at the table and prepared an abstract report of his villainy. It took an hour or two's hard writing; and Lumby read it sheet by sheet as the late cashier laid it methodically by. It was luminous, and the very soul of brevity, considering its mass of unavoidable detail. Garling's financial genius permitted him to append to this report a sort of swindler's balance-sheet, in which the precise position of affairs was shown, and wherein, by a marvellous effort of memory, dates and figures were set down, as it afterwards turned out, with scrupulous exactness.

'My private ledgers,' said Garling, 'will afford more extended information. The final appeal must be made here.' He pointed to the vast volumes ranged along one side of the room. 'But that,' he added, 'will be a work of time.'

The balance-sheet at the end of Garling's abstract had rather an air of hocus-pocus to the merchant. It seemed scarcely credible, for one thing, that memory should be so minutely retentive; and he insisted, without loss of time, on comparing it with the defrauder's private entries. To this end, between two and three o'clock in the morning, he escorted the cashier home. Before he started, however, he locked the confession in his own drawer.

'It might seem worth while to murder me for that, if you had a chance to do it in your own place, quietly—eh, Garling?'

'No,' responded Garling, with a voice of tranquillity. They walked to what had been Garling's home together, and they worked till daylight. The merchant made him sit down at the table,

whilst he stood behind him, or occasionally, for a change of posture, knelt upon a chair.

'It is now eight o'clock,' said Lumby, when the balance-sheet was verified. 'You will report yourself at the office to me at ten. If you are five minutes late, I shall give information to the police.'

(To be continued.)

### SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADVERTISING has in these days become quite an art in itself, so much so, that it is seldom now that one meets with the curiously worded and exceedingly misspelled advertisements that at one time used to amuse the readers of the daily and weekly press. An advertisement to the effect that the genuine Old Moore's Almanac for the year 1882 is only to be had of a certain publisher, recalls to mind another which appeared in the prints of 1712 at the instance of 'Old Moore' himself. It runs as follows: 'At the Old Lily, near the Barge House, in Christchurch Parish, Southwark, at London, liveth Francis Moore, licensed physician and student in astrology, who, by the blessing of God, cures all sorts of agues with one dose, in young and old, when left off by others. He hath an excellent medicine for Fits in young people and children; he has an excellent Worm-powder, and a Family Tincture that gives present ease in Colic, and carries off all pains in an instant. He gives Judgment in the Astrological way. He desires all that send to him out of the country to pay the postage of their letters, or expect no answer.'

In *Parker's London News* of January 28, 1722, there is the following announcement: 'Whereas gentlemen and gentlewomen in walking the streets in dirty slabby weather very frequently incommode their stockings and petticoats by the filth thereof. There is a person who gives daily attendance from nine to three in the afternoon at the *Hercules* in Nags-head Court, in Bartholomew Lane, behind the Royal Exchange, to instruct how all persons may walk the streets without dirting themselves in the worst or dirtiest weather.'

The following is the advertisement of one who might be termed a 'handy man': 'James Williams, parish clerk, sextone, town-crier and bellman, makes and sells all sorts of haberdasheries, groceries, &c., likewise hair and wigs drest and cut on the shortest notice. N.B.—I keeps an evening school, where I teach at reasonable rates reading, riting, and 'rithmitic and singing. N.B.—I play the hooboy occasionally if wanted. N.B.—My shop is next door, where I bleed, draw teeth, and shoo horses with the greatest seil. N.B.—Children taut to dance if agreeable at sixpence per week, by me, J. Williams, who buy and sell old irin and coats—boots and shoes cleaned and mended. N.B.—A hat and pr of stockens to be cudjelled for, the best in 5 on Shrof Tushday. For particulars enquire within, or at the horse shoo and bell, near the church, on t'other side the way. N.B.—Look over the door for sign of 3 pigeons. N.B.—I sells good ayle, and sometimes cyder. Lodgings for single men. N.B.—I teach jografy, algebray, and them outlandish kind of things. A ball on wensdays and fridays.'

A specimen of an indignant advertisement

appeared in the *Times* in 1874: 'Should this meet the eye of the lady who got into the 12.30 train at New Cross Station on Friday, May 15, with two boys, one of whom was evidently recovering from an illness, she *may be pleased* to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles, and the health of the fourth is far from what her relations could desire.'

The following, from an indignant husband, is culled from one of the Irish papers: 'Run away from Patrick M'Dallogh. Whereas my wife, Mrs Bridget M'Dallogh, is again walked away with herself, and left me with her four small children, and her poor old blind mother, and nobody else to look after house and home, and, I hear, has taken up with Tom Gingan, the lame fiddler—the same was put in the stocks last Easter for stealing Barday Doody's game cock: This is to give notice, that I will not pay for bite or sup on her or his account to man or mortal, and that she had better never show the mark of her ten toes near my home again.—PATRICK M'DALLOGH. N.B.—Tom had better keep out of my sight.'

Considerably more than a century ago, a breeches-maker thus advertised his new method of manufacture: 'Breeches-making improved by Geometry. Thomas Nunn, Breeches Maker, of 29 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, has invented a system on a mathematical principle by which difficulties are solved and errors corrected. Its usefulness for ease and neatness in fitting is incomparable, and the only perfect Rule for that work ever discovered. Several hundreds—noblemen, gentlemen, and others—who have had proof of its utility, allow it to excel all they ever made trial of. N.B.—An improved method is adopted for keeping them clean without discommoding by dust.'

At Margate, in the beginning of the present century, a well-known character named Bennett, who let out donkeys on hire, issued the following poetical advertisement, containing a very delicate compliment to his fair customers:

Cows' milk and asses' too, I sell,  
And keep a stud for hire,  
Of donkeys famed for going well,  
And mules that never tire.  
An angel honoured Balaam's ass  
To meet her in the way,  
But Bennett's troop through Thanet pass  
With angels every day.

At a time when our papers are literally beset by money-lenders with their announcements, the subjoined advertisement, which appeared in *Lloyd's Evening Post* of 1776, may not be without interest: 'Money wanted—when it can be procured—one hundred pounds. No security can be given for the *Principal*, and possibly the interest may not be punctually paid. Under the above circumstances, should any one be willing to lend the desired sum, he will much *surprise* and particularly *oblige* the author of this advertisement.—A.B.C., George's Coffee House, Haymarket.'

Freemasons in the year 1770 must have been rather surprised and amused to read the following announcement in the new *Newcastle Courant* of January 4th of that year: 'This is to acquaint the public—That on Monday the first instant,

being the Lodge (or monthly meeting) Night of the Free and Accepted Masons of the 22d Regiment, held at the *Crown*, near Newgate (Newcastle), Mrs Bell, the landlady of the house, broke open a door (with a poker) that had not been opened for some time past; by which means she got into an adjacent room, made two holes through the wall, and, by that stratagem, discovered the secrets of freemasonry; and she, knowing herself to be the first woman in the world that ever found out the secret, is willing to make it known to all her sex. So any lady who is desirous of learning the secrets of freemasonry, by applying to that well learned woman (Mrs Bell that lived fifteen years in and about Newgate), may be instructed in the secrets of masonry.' It would be interesting to know how many pupils she obtained, and why she appealed to her own sex in particular, seeing that there are almost as many men as women who would be curious enough at any time to learn the secrets of masonry without being properly initiated into the Order.

We always thought that prize-fighting and boxing were the especial privilege of the stronger half of human nature; but from the following challenge and answer, which appeared in 1722, it would appear that women also took some delight in the pugilistic art: 'I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some high words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.'

'I, Hannah Hyfield of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping!'

History does not record the result of this famous set-to, nor yet of the following one, which is quite as characteristic in the wording of the challenge and answer. The advertisements appeared in the *Daily Post* of July 17, 1728, and the match was announced to take place at Mr Stokes' Amphitheatre in the Islington Road, London:

'Whereas I, Ann Field of Stoke-Newington, ass-driver, well known for my abilities in boxing in my own defence wherever it happened in my way, having been affronted by Mrs Stokes, styled the European Championess, do fairly invite her to a trial of the best skill in boxing, for ten pounds, fair rise and fall; and question not but to give her such proofs of my judgment that shall oblige her to acknowledge me Championess of the Stage, to the entire satisfaction of all my friends.'

'I, Elizabeth Stokes, of the city of London, have not fought in this way since I fought the famous boxing-woman of Billingsgate twenty-nine minutes, and gained a complete victory (which is six years ago); but as the famous Stoke-Newington ass-woman dares me to fight her for the ten pounds, I do assure her I will not fail meeting her for the said sum, and doubt not that the blows which I shall present her with, will be more difficult for her to digest than she ever gave her asses!'



Perhaps the most curious advertisement for a wife that ever appeared in any paper was that published in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* of May 28, 1797. It ran as follows: 'Matthew Dawson, in Bothwell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen, and to return to Bothwell to dine. Mr Reid gives a turkey to be roasted; Ed. Clemenson gives a fat lamb to be roasted; William Elliott gives a hen to be roasted; Joseph Gibson gives a fat calf to be roasted. And in order that all this roast meat may be well basted do you see, Mary Pearson, Betty Hodgson, Mary Bushley, Molly Fisher, Sarah Briscoe, and Betty Porthouse, give each of them a pound of butter. The advertiser will provide everything else for so festive an occasion. And he hereby gives notice to all young women desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present disengaged; and advises them to consider that although there be luck in leisure, yet in this case delays are dangerous; for, with him, he is determined it shall be first come first served.

So come along lasses who wish to be married;  
Matt. Dawson is vexed that so long he has tarried.'

The great fondness which ladies sometimes show for domestic animals, especially lapdogs, is well known; but out of the numerous advertisements which have appeared for these little creatures from time to time, none has been more curious than the following, in the *Daily Advertiser* of November 1774: 'An exceeding small Lap-Spaniel.—Any one that has such a one, of any colour or colours, that is very, very small, and with a very short round snub nose, and good ears; if they will bring it to Mrs Smith, at a coachmaker's over against the *Golden Head*, in Great Queen Street, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, they may (if approved of) have a very good purchaser. And to prevent further trouble, if it is not exceeding small, and has anything of a long peaked nose, it will not at all do. And nevertheless, after this advertisement is published no more, if any person should have a little creature that answers the character of the advertisement, if they will please to remember the direction, and bring it to Mrs Smith, the person is not SO provided but that such a one will still at any time be hereafter purchased.'

In the year 1783, a Scotch newspaper published the following advertisement: 'To be Let, a Beggar's Stand in a good charitable neighbourhood, bringing in about thirty shillings a week. Some good-will is required. N.B.—A dog for a blind man to be disposed of.'

We will conclude our paper with an advertisement which was published in the *Daily Advertiser* of 1798 by a gentleman whose house in Stanhope Street had been burglariously entered and robbed of valuable things: 'Mr R. of Stanhope Street presents his most respectful compliments to the gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roasted chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira, at his house on Monday night. In their haste, they took away the tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the table-spoons and the light guineas which were in the old morocco pocket-book, they are also heartily welcome; but

in the said pocket-book there were several loose papers which consisted of private memorandums, receipts, &c., can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if a way could be pointed out by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser.'

A few nights after this advertisement appeared, a packet was placed in the area of the house, containing the following amusing communication from the burglars: 'Sir—You're quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we should never have cribbed your papers. They all be marched back again with the red book. Your ale was mortal good; the tankard and spoons was made into white soup in Dukes Place two hours after daylight. The old family watch-cases were at the same time made into brown gravy, and the internals, new christened, are on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been transported, you should have them again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know as they have been christened and got a new name, they would no longer be of your old family. And soe, sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we're much obligated to you, and shall be glad to serve and visit you by nite or by day, and are your humble servants to command.'

#### ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

It is frequently observed that names utterly unknown before, rise suddenly into notice, and become for a time household words, solely through their owners having been able at some critical time to act on the spur of the moment. To such occurrences our army and navy records can testify; battles have been won, ships saved, lives rescued, and heroic deeds performed, solely by some one being able to act on the impulse of the moment.

Occasionally, however, very awkward consequences have been known to follow from acting on the spur of the moment. It is related of Lord Ellenborough that, when on one occasion he was about to set out on circuit, his wife expressed a wish to accompany him, a proposition to which his lordship assented, provided there were no bandboxes tucked under the seat of his carriage, as he had too often found there had been when honoured with her Ladyship's company before. Accordingly, they both set out together, but had not proceeded very far before the judge, stretching out his legs under the seat in front of him, kicked against one of the flimsy receptacles which he had specially prohibited. Down went the window with a bang and out went the bandbox into the ditch. The startled coachman immediately commenced to pull up, but was ordered to drive on and let the thing lie where it was. They reached the assize town in due course, and his lordship proceeded to robe for the court. 'And now, where's my wig?—where's my wig?' he demanded, when everything else had been donned.—'Your wig, my lord,' replied the servant

tremulously, 'was in that handbox your lordship threw out of the window as we came along.'

Second thoughts are generally said to be best; and an old adage bids us 'think twice before we speak once.' In these go-ahead times, however, scarcely any one but a very slow person indeed would consider it sound policy to follow to the letter these really kind and inestimable precepts, laid down for our guidance by our great-great-grandparents. Yet, remarks made on the spur of the moment have not unfrequently a meaning which was not quite what the speaker wished to convey. For instance, two ladies having missed 'the meet,' drew up their pony-trap, and one of them accosted the old gamekeeper who was passing: 'Do you know where the hounds are, Robins?' 'Y'are just too late, ma'am,' was the answer; 'the gentlemen be all gone.'—On another occasion, a matter-of-fact corporal was compelled to bring a refractory soldier before his superiors, and his account of the delinquent ended in this way: 'Why, you see, Major, he thinks he can go out whenever he likes, and come in when he likes, swagger about, tell lies, get tipsy—and in fact, sir, behave just as if he was an officer.'—Again, two gentlemen met in the City, and at parting, one said: 'Well, you'll look us up at Primrose Hill—near the "Zoo," you know?'—'With pleasure, my dear fellow,' was the response; 'my children have been anxious for some considerable time to see the monkeys.' These and other similar expressions are doubtlessly spoken innocently, and without due consideration as to their consequences.

During a wild and raging storm at sea, the chaplain nervously asked one of the crew if he thought there was any serious danger to be apprehended. 'There is, and no mistake,' replied the sailor. 'If it keeps on blowing as hard as it does now, I reckon we shall all be in Paradise before twelve o'clock to-night.'—The chaplain, terrified at the answer, cried out: 'Shall we? Heaven forbid.' Circumstances alter cases; and words hastily uttered and passed unnoticed at one time, would not be perhaps seriously countenanced at another. We must therefore make many allowances for what is spoken on the spur of the moment.

Once, when Bishop Burnet was preaching before Charles II., the preacher became much warmed with his subject, and having given utterance to a certain doctrine in a very earnest manner, he with great vehemence struck his clenched hand upon the desk and cried out in a loud voice: 'Who dare deny this?'—'Faith,' observed the king, in a key very little lower than that of the preacher, 'nobody that is within reach of that great fist of yours.' This took place about a couple of centuries ago, when the habits and customs of the people were rather different from those of the present day. Were an interruption of a similar kind to occur now, it would probably be the cause of no slight confusion. Freedom of thought is, however, very natural, as the following instance will show. The butler of a certain Scottish laird, who had been in the family a number of years, at last resigned his situation because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Oh!' exclaimed his master, 'if that be all, ye've very little to complain of.'—'Perhaps so,' replied the butler; 'but I have

decided in my own mind to put up with it no longer.'—'Go, then,' said his lordship; 'and be thankful for the rest of your life that ye're not married to her.' In this case, the grievance of the faithful domestic, and the humorous admission of his master, point at once to that disagreeable tenant known as the skeleton which is said to inhabit every man's household.

Another example may be taken as a 'diversity of opinion,' and thoroughly applicable to our subject, but by no means flattering to the principal speaker. Some years ago, a clergyman in Perthshire, who was considered more skilful as an angler than popular as a preacher, was once giving advice to a parishioner on the benefits of early rising, and mentioned as an instance, that a few mornings ago he had before breakfast composed a sermon and killed a salmon. 'In fact,' added the parson, 'it is an achievement on which I plume myself greatly.' 'Aweel, sir,' replied the man, 'I would much rather hae yer salmon than yer sermon.'

It is without doubt entirely to speaking on the spur of the moment that we are indebted for these humorous outbursts. In the 'good old times,' a carpenter, who could not get his money for two gibbets that had been bespoke, refused to make a third, and an execution was in consequence delayed. The jailer being called to account, blamed the carpenter, who was at once summoned before the judge—a gentleman, by the way, somewhat remarkable for his severity. The judge demanded of the carpenter the reason why the work had not been done. 'I refused,' said the man, 'to make a third gallows because the jailer had not paid me for the two first.'—'But you must understand,' said the judge, rather angrily, 'that I myself ordered this one.'—'Oh, in that case,' said the carpenter, 'I will make it at once. It should have been ready long before this, if I had only known the gallows had been for your lordship.'

We may remark, too, how vastly interesting it is to contemplate the activity and perseverance which almost every individual exhibits in his own individual interest. Cooke the tragedian was in the habit of giving passes to a widow lady, who upon one occasion occupied a prominent seat in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to meet an untimely end by a stage-rival. As the villainous-looking assassin, armed with a deadly weapon, stealthily drew near to accomplish his wicked purpose, the maiden, roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, started up, anxiously exclaiming: 'Oh, pray, don't kill him! don't kill him! For if you do, he won't give us any more orders for the pit.'

We can readily conjecture how the gravity of the situation was upset by this sudden outburst of feeling—undeniably spoken on the spur of the moment. Simplicity, however, according to Longfellow, is, 'in character, in manners, in style, and in all things, the supreme excellence.' 'Patrick,' said an Irish gentleman to his servant one morning, 'I heard last night, from undoubted authority, that you have had the audacity to go and tell some people that I was a shabby old rascal, a mean fellow, and anything but a gentleman. I am told that those were your exact words.'

—'Bedad, sor,' replied Pat, 'and it's there ye're quite wrong. I can assure you, sor, that I don't tell me private thoughts to every wan.'

Steele laid down the maxim that it was decidedly wrong to allow any one to be so familiar with you as to praise you to your face. We are told that the wives of men of sentiment invariably adopt this rule, and are not always the most appreciative of women. It is related of Siebenkees, an eminent German scholar, that having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, he closed the book with inward satisfaction at the completion of his labours, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: 'My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there is a hole in it.' There was evidently neither praise nor encouragement in this remark, but the reader will perceive it was made on the spur of the moment.

Sometimes the greatest compliments, by being awkwardly expressed, may tend to give offence. A clergyman in the country had a stranger to officiate for him one day, and meeting his beadle afterwards, he said to him: 'Well, Dougall, how did you like last Sunday's preaching?'—'It was a great deal owre plain and simple for me,' replied the beadle. 'I like sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yourself at that!'

It was Pope who remarked, that a person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity. Bishop Horne had his dignity considerably taken down when he arrived to take possession of the episcopal palace at Norwich in 1791. Being amazed at the number of spectators on the occasion, he turned round upon the steps and exclaimed: 'Bless us, bless us! what a concourse of people.'—'Oh, my lord,' said a bystander, 'this is a mere nothing to the crowd last Friday to see a man hanged.'—Another whimsical anecdote is related of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who, riding in the Park on the road between Teddington and Hampton-wick, was overtaken by a butcher's boy on horseback, with a tray of meat under his arm. 'Nice pony that of yours, old gentleman,' said he. 'I'll trot you a couple of miles for a pot of beer.' The Duke respectfully declined the match; and the lad, as he struck the heels of his boots in his horse's side, exclaimed, with a look of contempt: 'I thought you was only a muff.'

In fact, from a king to the peasant, or a bishop to an errand-boy, all would appear to be occasionally 'tarred,' as it were, with the same brush. It is so pleasant, on the whole, to be able to speak one's own mind; and the absurdity often, if not always, lies in the sudden utterance of our thoughts. Two sons of an English aristocrat were remarkable for hastiness of temper, which on certain occasions broke out into very indiscreet expressions. During a quarrel, and in the height of passion, one said to the other: 'You are the greatest ass in the world.'—'Come, come, my lads,' said their highly incensed father; 'you forget that I am present.'

Apropos to our subject, abundant materials

might possibly be found in other countries besides our own, and such as would amply furnish us with food for reflection as well as laughter. One instance may suffice. On one occasion, a coloured preacher in New York, who was very popular, and who had overflowing audiences, was suddenly called upon to arrange his congregation a little more to the satisfaction of those in the rear. He did so at once by saying: 'My dear bretheren, for mutual convenience, de fore-part ob de church will please accommodate themselves and others by sitting down; so de hind-part ob de church can see de fore-part; for de hind-part can't see de fore-part ef de fore-part persist in stanin' before de hind-part, to de utter exclusion ob de hind-part by de fore-part.' Nothing could be more lucid.

One more example, and we conclude these brief sketches. In a dancing-saloon one night, a sailor was asked by a messmate to explain to him in a few words and as quick as possible, the third figure of the quadrille. His description was as follows: 'You first of all heave ahead,' said he, 'and pass your adversary's yard-arms; then in a jiffy regain your berth on the other tack in the same kind of order; slip along sharp and take your station with your partner in line; back and fill, and then fall on your heel, and bring up with your craft. She then manœuvres ahead off alongside of you; then make sail in company with her until nearly astern of the other line; make a stern board; cast her off to shift for herself; regain your place out of the mêlée in the best manner you can, and let go your anchor.'

I think we may take it for granted that not a word of this nautical programme was lost upon Jack's intimate friend. On the other hand, it is equally as certain that if a landsman had received these instructions, he would have been as wise as ever. Due justice, however, must be given to Jack, who spoke evidently to the best of his ability, and on the spur of the moment.

## THE MONTH.

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

If any proof were needed of the enterprise exhibited by newspaper proprietors in their thirst for new and trustworthy intelligence, it would be sufficient to point to expeditions such as Stanley's search for Livingstone, and the recent unfortunate expedition to the 'Frozen Deep,' both of which enterprises must be placed to the credit of the *New York Herald*. And here at home, editors are by no means backward in their endeavours to get the most reliable news. Special correspondents penetrate far into any country to which the eyes of the world may for the time be directed, bearing with them that keen faculty of observation which gives value to their work. To the names of note in this department must now be added that of Mr O'Donovan, the Merv special correspondent of the *Daily News*. Hitherto, we have looked upon Merv as an important city, upon which Russia has long cast a covetous eye, because its possession

would render easy an advance upon Herat, otherwise known as 'the gate of India.' Mr O'Donovan told the Royal Geographical Society the other night that 'there was no such city as Merv at present; Merv was merely a geographical expression.' There were 'some wretched hovels, sheep-skin-clothed people, and half-starved cattle feeding in a bog.' This description is certainly very different from our usual ideas of an Eastern city, with its gilded domes and fairy-like minarets sparkling in the haze of a golden sunset. Mr O'Donovan had a great deal to say about Merv and its surroundings; and we shall look forward with interest to the publication of his promised book, giving details of his strange experiences in the land of the Turcomans.

Another intrepid traveller to whom the Royal Geographical Society has lately given audience is M. Gorloff, a young Frenchman, hardly known to Englishmen except by report. Accompanied by only two companions—Arabs—he has had the hardihood to undertake a six months' journey into Africa. He says that he did not penetrate far into the Sahara, but claims to be the first traveller who has ventured there with such a limited escort. It seems strange to hear that frost was experienced every night, and that the traveller and his two guides lost their way in a snow-storm, and were in some danger of being frozen to death. Many people in France, says M. Gorloff, believe the Sahara to be a rich country where fortunes can be easily made; but let them travel in it, and they will speedily change their opinions.

A very curious and useful work, which has met with high commendation from the French Academy, has just been completed by M. Civiale. It consists of a photographic map of the Alps, constructed in the following manner. By preliminary observation, M. Civiale saw the possibility of fixing upon forty-one central stations from which all-round views could be obtained of the mass of the Alps and its diverging chains. Taking his photographic apparatus with him to these various stations, lying at a height of eight thousand feet, and in some cases ten thousand feet, he was able to secure photographs from every point, to be afterwards joined so as to make a complete panorama. In addition to these, he busied himself with the details of the landscape. Snow-limits, natural geological sections, glaciers with their crevasses and moraines, all came in as subjects for his camera. These photographic records of the country cannot fail to be interesting from a technical as well as a popular point of view. We trust that they will be secured by some permanent process, so that in after-years they will not present that yellow, sickly appearance, with which we are only, alas, too familiar.

The familiar heading 'Colliery Explosion' continually calls to mind the risks attending the modern system of coal-mining. The poor miner

himself is perhaps too often credited with the authorship of the calamity by opening his safety-lamp, and so setting fire to the surrounding gas. But there are means by which the initial flame can be given without any culpable negligence of the worker. The system of blasting with gunpowder is open to this fatal objection—the flash of the powder is a flame which will quickly communicate itself to the surrounding atmosphere, and cause general havoc and death. To obviate this danger, a new form of cartridge has been designed, the explosion of which is accompanied by no flame, and which needs neither spark nor fire to set it in action.

This new method of coal-blasting has been in use for some time at the Shipley Collieries, Derbyshire, and has been patented by Messrs Smith and Moore. Instead of gunpowder or dynamite, the cartridge is charged with lime. This lime is in a highly caustic state, and is compressed by hydraulic power—forty tons to the square inch—into cartridges of two-and-a-half inches diameter. Attached to the cartridge is a flexible tube, the other end of which is connected with a force-pump; and by this means the charge is fired, or rather we should say watered. We all know that the action of water upon lime is to give rise to much heat, and to expand and to crack the lime in every direction. It is these properties which are taken advantage of in this clever invention. The pressure exerted by the confined steam from the lime forces out the coal in which it is imbedded; while the after-expansion of the material completes the work, giving all the advantages of ordinary blasting without its terrible risks. The explosion—if explosion it can be called—is accompanied by no concussion, and neither liberates huge volumes of gas nor raises clouds of fine dust—in themselves sources of danger; and no sound-wave, to carry a disturbing element through the workings, is produced. At the late meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, where a paper on this subject formed perhaps the most interesting feature of the proceedings, two iron pipes were exhibited, to give an idea of the power exerted by this new form of cartridge. These pipes were shattered, although one of them had previously been tested to a pressure of nine hundred and fifty-three pounds on the square inch. We sincerely trust that this new means of blasting will be found as efficient as it promises to be, not only on account of the miners, but also to do away with that familiarity with dynamite which breeds a contempt for its awful power.

It will perhaps be remembered that shortly after the Tay Bridge calamity, an attempt at sub-aqueous photography was made, in order to get, if possible, a view of the wreck of bridge and train as they lay thirty feet below the surface of the water. Mr W. D. Valentine, to whose hands these experiments were intrusted, has recently sent an interesting account of them



to the *Photographic News*. A very bright day was chosen for the trial; and a diver, after being properly instructed as to what to do, was sent down with the camera. This camera was of no ordinary kind; for it had to be lowered with a powerful crane, and with the addition of ten hundredweight to induce it to sink. With the quickest lens, by the most rapid method of photography, and with an exposure of twenty minutes, Mr Valentine failed to get even the ghost of an image on his plate. This showed that the actinic rays of light failed to penetrate through the thirty feet of water which separated the camera from its accustomed element. Apparently, there was no want of light, for the diver stated that he could easily see for thirty feet in front of him; but it is evident that the light did not comprise those rays upon which the efficiency of a photographic surface depends.

Some curious experiments as to the action of the brain during sleep have lately been made upon himself by M. Delauney. Working on the known fact that the action of the brain causes a rise of temperature in the cranium, the experimenter found that the converse of this was true, and that he was able, by covering his forehead with wadding, to stimulate the action of the brain. Dreams which are naturally illogical and absurd, became under this treatment quite rational and intelligent. He also found that their character was much modified by the position assumed during sleep, whereby the blood might be made to flow towards particular parts of the body, and thus increase their nutrition and functional activity. These experiments have but slight value. Those whose lives are spent in hard work, either physical or mental, will prefer their dreams to be as illogical and vague as possible, so that the poor brain may not go on working while the body is at rest.

The *Phylloxera vastatrix*—the dread destroyer of the grape-vine—has, like any other deep-dyed criminals, had its portrait taken for circulation over the civilised globe. Messrs Hatchette & Co. have issued two plates which cannot fail to be of great use in the future in showing those happy possessors of vineyards who do not already know the personal appearance of the enemy, what they are to look for. The first plate represents the insect in its various stages from the egg to its winged and adult form. The second plate deals with its destructive work upon the vine. The root and branches of a healthy vine are here shown side by side with the root and branches of one upon which the *Phylloxera* has operated; and thus the whole progress of the pest from its birth to its destructive mission, is admirably depicted.

We are glad to notice that at the late meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, honourable mention was made of the name of Miss Ormerod, whose labours with regard to insect pests and the best way of dealing with them have been already adverted to in these pages.

The question of obtaining pure and wholesome food is of such great importance, that all right-minded people naturally feel glad when adulteration is detected and its authors punished. But in common fairness to the trader, the methods of analysis should be beyond suspicion; and when a public officer states that a particular sample

of food contains so much per cent. of foreign material, we should be quite sure that he has the means for ascertaining that fact. We are led to these remarks from some unfortunate discrepancies which have been made public in certain recent analyses of coffee. A sample of coffee was purposely adulterated with ten per cent. of chicory, and distributed in seven portions to as many different analysts, the Somerset House authorities being among the number. The results were as follow: Analyst A certified the mixture to contain only seven per cent. of chicory; B made a similar report; C said two-and-a-half per cent.; D certified to from five to ten per cent.; E found ten per cent. upwards; F discovered sixteen per cent.; while G determined that the sample consisted of genuine coffee. These figures are, to say the least, unsatisfactory. In the first place, they arouse the unpleasant suspicion that many innocent people may have been punished for adulterations which never existed; and in the second, that adulterations may frequently, for want of proper methods of analysis, be allowed to remain undetected, and thus guilty persons escape.

The newspapers are nowadays somewhat too full of electricity. We do not allude to their notice of new inventions, or new applications of old discoveries, which in these times of rapid progress in electrical science cannot fail to be of interest. We allude rather to the notices of public Companies, which, like so many moths, have suddenly appeared hovering round the brilliant light. We fear that, also like moths, many of them are destined to singe their wings, if not to come to still more serious grief. People who venture their money in electric-lighting shares should be in a position to afford to lose it. We do not mean to say that they must necessarily lose, but we wish to point out that the investment is a purely speculative one. The electric light has only been tried experimentally, and cannot, therefore, be looked upon as a sound investment, from which, as a matter of course, an income will be forthcoming. Putting aside the doubtful value of many of the patents—doubtful, we mean, from their close family resemblance—we may assume that there may be something better to come which may cast existing contrivances into the shade. We believe that electricity will give us the light of the future. But before it becomes general enough to represent a basis of sound investment, existing patents must pass through a long period of natural selection, during which many must disappear.

A novel application of the electric current is detailed in *La Nature*. At some large linen-bleaching works at Le Breuil-en-Ange, the linen spread out in the meadows is collected by means of a dynamo-machine. The desirability of having some kind of railway truck-system for the collection of the linen was long ago admitted; but the smoke and dirt of a steam-engine precluded its employment. The dynamo-machine actuated by the electric current has no such disadvantages, and for the past three months it has been employed with the most satisfactory results. A small railway crosses the ends of the lines of cloth, and the dynamo-machine is so arranged that it can operate upon the wheels of the vehicle on which it is mounted, or can be employed for reeling up the cloth into an attached truck. In

this way one man can gather up a quantity of the material in half an hour, which under ordinary circumstances would occupy an entire day. The machine is worked by Faure accumulators.

It is said that ivory is becoming so scarce that it will soon be regarded as a luxury to be afforded only by the few. As a matter of fact, about half the quantity has reached the English market, compared with the amount received up to the same time last year; so that if we wish to see our pianoforte keys and our knife-handles maintain their wonted appearance, we shall have to fall back upon some ivory-like composition, instead of employing the real article. A few years back, such a compound was introduced under the name of Celluloid, and a very good imitation of ivory it presented. It was manufactured by treating paper with nitric and sulphuric acids, so as to convert it into nitro-cellulose. This compound was afterwards pulped, and passed through a rolling-press with a certain quantity of camphor. The chief objection to the substance was its great inflammability; but we learn that a means of obviating this has lately been devised. Celluloid has an advantage over ivory in that it can be moulded so as to take the most delicate impression.

The question of the possibility of obtaining heat from solar radiation sufficient to boil water, and so actuate a steam-engine, is one which has of late years engaged the attention of scientific men and Societies. A French government Commission has lately been carrying out some experiments with apparatus, consisting of a large concave mirror with a blackened boiler in its focus. The steam was condensed as it was given off from the boiler; and the weight of distilled water thus obtained indicated the amount of heat utilised. From these experiments, as we have before hinted in these pages, it would seem that the sun is far too fickle a source from which to obtain heat, except in some few countries where the steam-engine is as yet unknown, and not wanted.

At the Royal United Service Institution, an interesting paper was lately read by Colonel Fosbery, V.C., on the subject of Magazine guns, by which is meant those small-arms which, like the Winchester repeating-rifle, can be fired over and over again by means of a collection of cartridges in the stock, or in some other receptacle. Colonel Fosbery held that in modern warfare the soldier required, for special occasions and for brief intervals, to be endowed with a higher power of defence and attack than any system of single-loader would afford. He brought forward a 'magazine' of his own invention, which can readily be attached as a cartridge-feeder to the ordinary Henry-Martini rifle.

Submarine torpedo-boats of novel but simple construction have lately been built for the Russian government. They are about twenty feet long, so that a man-of-war could carry several of them without inconvenience. The shape of a cigar, the boat has a glass dome projecting from it, by means of which the officer in charge can direct its course. The screw-propeller is worked by the feet of four men, and the boat is lowered or raised by shifting

weights on a sliding bar from stem to stern. Each boat is to carry torpedoes, which can be attached to a ship's bottom by a pneumatic contrivance. After such attachment it will be the duty of the submarine boat to retire to a safe distance before making the electrical contact which will cause the explosion. The submarine vessel will carry a supply of compressed air or oxygen; and the carbonic acid from the men's lungs will be absorbed by caustic soda, as in the diving apparatus of Mr Fleuss.

Riveting by hydraulic machinery is now being largely introduced into the ship-building yards on the Clyde. The verdict of a special Committee of surveyors on the subject, after due inspection, was, that these machines 'thoroughly fill the holes and counter-sinks, and produce a smoother and better clench than can usually be obtained by hand-labour.' The saving of time and outlay, also, over hand-labour is very great.

The subject of the salmon-disease forms the most interesting portion of the recently published annual Report of the Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. Unfortunately, much that is indefinite still surrounds the subject. The experience of practical fishermen and the researches of accomplished scientists have equally failed either to detect a cause or to suggest a remedy for the epidemic. The Inspectors express themselves as confident that the disease, which first attracted attention in 1877, had existed, at least in a sporadic form, for many years. The great difficulty is to determine what are the influences, climatic or otherwise, which cause the disease to assume the form of a widespread epidemic affecting thousands of fish, and attacking both kelts and clean fish. Professor Huxley has expressed the opinion that, whilst the primary cause of the disease is the fungus *Saprolegnia ferox*, there must be other and secondary causes acting in combination, and that information is still required as to these. As an instance of the destructive nature of this disease, it may be mentioned that from the Tweed alone, between November of last year and May of this year, no fewer than ten thousand six hundred diseased salmon, grilse, and sea-trout were taken out of the river and buried.

#### BOOK GOSSIP.

THE extension of science-knowledge in popular forms, with the consequent greater demand for scientific appliances, has led to marked improvements in the production of the necessary apparatus, accompanied by a reduction in price so great as to place such instruments within the reach of many who would otherwise be unable to procure them. The most popular and most generally useful of all these instruments is the microscope, without which the student of biology, and of animal and vegetable morphology, would be unable to carry on his researches beyond the merest preliminary stages. But along with the possession of the instrument itself, there is required some knowledge and skill in the use of the instrument; and many works have been published with the object of conveying to students

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the necessary instructions. To this list is now added a work, entitled, *Practical Microscopy*, by Mr George E. Davis, F.R.M.S. (London: David Bogue). It is illustrated with over two hundred and fifty woodcuts; and the directions in regard to the microscope and its work are so full and ample, that the book can scarcely fail to be of value both to those who already possess microscopes, and to those who may require guidance as to the purchase of one. One advantage which this book has over some of its predecessors in the same department, is, that it is comparatively inexpensive, and is thus more easily acquired.

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At this season of the year, when prospective tourists are eager to hear or to tell of something new, an appropriate addition is made to our guide-book literature by the publication of *The Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk*, by Mr G. Christopher Davies (London: Jarrold and Sons). These rivers and 'broads' form the distinguishing and characteristic feature of the modern scenery of East Anglia; its marshes and fens, linked to each other by gleaming brook and river, alone breaking the monotony of its flat and otherwise unattractive landscape. 'In a journey through it by rail,' says Mr Davies, 'you see nothing but its flatness; walk along its roads, you see the duller side of it; but take to its water-highways, and the glamour of it steals over you, if there is aught of the love of nature, the angler, or the artist in you. Houses are few and far between; oftentimes within the circle of your sight there is neither house nor man visible. A gray church-tower, a windmill, or the dark-brown sail of a wherry in the distance, breaks the sense of utter loneliness; but the scene is wild enough to enchain the imagination of many. Long miles of sinuous gleaming river; marshes gay with innumerable flowering-plants; wide sheets of water bordered with swaying reeds; yachts or wherries, boats, fish, fowl, rare birds and plants, and exquisite little bits to paint and sketch: these are the elements out of which a pleasant holiday may be made.' The book is accompanied with a good map of the district.

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We are introduced to a very different type of scenery by a little official guide-book, entitled, *Summer Tours in Scotland: Glasgow to the Highlands*, issued in connection with Mr David MacBrayne's royal mail-steamers (119 Hope Street, Glasgow). These beautiful vessels, the *Columbia*, *Iona*, &c., were formerly better known in connection with the name of Mr MacBrayne's partner, the late Mr Hutcheson; and have long been famous for their comfort, their speed, and all the other qualities that render travel by water pleasant and agreeable. This little book will be of considerable use to tourists, as they have here set down a series of routes, all more or less different, which can be accomplished within one week—such as, on the first day, from Glasgow to Oban; second day, from Oban to Staffa and Iona, and back; third day, from Oban to Ballachulish (including Glencoe), and proceed to Banavie; fourth day, Banavie to Inverness, *via* Caledonian Canal;

fifth day, Inverness to Oban, by Canal; sixth day, from Oban to Glasgow. This is but one specimen of the many circular routes here arranged, other trips of the same number of days including visits to Portree in Skye, to Boisdale in South Uist, to Lochmaddy in North Uist, and to Tarbert and Stornoway in the far-distant Lewis. In this way the tourist may have a view of some of the finest water and mountain scenery with the least possible expenditure of time; visiting places of historical renown, such as Iona; of romantic danger, such as Corrievreckan; of natural beauty, such as the columned cave of Staffa; or of wild and weird interest, such as the dark mountains and sequestered lochs of the storm-vexed Hebrides. It is the magnificent scenery which Scott has painted for us in his *Lord of the Isles*, and which has since been made familiar to modern readers by pages of graphic and beautiful description in the novels of William Black. No better preparation for the journey can be made than the perusal of Mr MacBrayne's handbook, which, in addition to the official information to which we have referred, contains about a hundred pages of condensed and well-written notes on the historical and other associations of interest belonging to the places seen or visited in the course of the different routes, together with a map of the routes.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### SOME EFFECTS OF THE VIBRATION OF TELEGRAPH-WIRES.

THE humming sound which is produced by the vibration of telegraph-wires is said to have somewhat peculiar effects upon certain creatures. The woodpecker, for instance, feeds on larvæ and insects which it finds under the bark and in the core of decayed trees, and to get at which it perforates the bark or covering with its powerful bill. It has been suggested that it detects the presence of insects in decayed trees by the delicacy of its hearing, which directs it to where the insects or worms are at work within the tree. In certain cases, however, the little bird has been deceived by the humming sound of the telegraph-wires; and at the recent Crystal Palace Electric Exhibition, as many of our readers doubtless remember, there was shown a piece of wood, cut from a perfectly sound post, perforated with a hole three-and-a-half inches in diameter, and which hole had been drilled out by the woodpecker under the impression that there must, from the sounds which it heard, be insects somewhere in the interior of the post. Similar borings are said to be frequently found in the pine-woods of Norway where this bird is found; the holes being as a rule made near the top of the post.

Bears are said to be frequently cheated in a similar manner. These animals are, as is well known, extremely fond of honey; and their vicinity to a store of it is usually discovered by the humming sounds which the honey-makers emit. The sound of the telegraphic wires is not unlike the sound of a swarm of bees; and when the sound reaches his ears, the bear at once begins to look about for business. Following the delusive sound, he finds that at the foot of the telegraph-post it becomes louder than ever; and as he does



not find the expected beehive, he very naturally thinks it must be under the heap of stones which are sometimes used to support the post. These stones he at once begins to scatter about in all directions; but though the humming is as distinct as ever, there is no trace of the honey-store to be found, and the hungry bear has only his labour for his pains. At first, this scattering of the stones was a puzzle to the officials, until the finding of the marks of bears' claws in the posts led to the discovery of the real cause.

It is alleged that in certain districts formerly infested by wolves, the introduction of the telegraph-wire has had the effect of frightening these terrible pests away. But the evidence for this is not well substantiated, other causes being in operation in those districts which might be conceived to have a similar restraining effect upon the wolves.

#### THE VINE DISEASE—SUGGESTED REMEDY.

The damage which the vineyards of France have sustained from the ravages of the *Phylloxera*, has led to many experiments being made for the purpose of getting rid of this most troublesome and destructive insect. A suggestion on the subject comes to us from China, which has the appearance of being feasible. It is made by Dr Macgowan of Shanghai, and is derived from the practice of the Chinese, who, in the matter of orange-culture, employ a certain species of ants as insecticides. In many parts of the province of Canton, the land is devoted to the cultivation of orange-trees, which being subject to devastation from insects, require to be protected in a peculiar manner, namely, by importing ants from the neighbouring hills for the destruction of the dreaded parasites. The orangeries themselves supply ants which prey upon the enemy of the orange, but not in sufficient numbers; and resort is had to hill-people, who throughout the summer and winter find the ant-nests suspended from various kinds of trees. There are two varieties of these ants, red and yellow; and their nests resemble cotton bags. The 'orange ant-breeders,' as these hill-people are termed, are provided with pig or goat bladders which are baited inside with lard; and the orifices of these being applied to the entrance of the nests, the ants are induced to enter the bags. They thus become a marketable commodity at the orangeries. The orange-trees are thereafter colonised by depositing the ants on their upper branches; and to enable them to pass from tree to tree, all the trees of an orchard are connected by bamboo rods.

Dr Macgowan asks if the orange is the only plant thus susceptible to protection from parasitic pests; and adds his opinion that the particular species of ants above referred to are not the only species capable of being utilised as insect-killers. He also suggests that entomologists and agriculturists would do well to institute experiments with a view to further discovery in this line of research. It might even be possible for the Société d'Acclimatation of France to import a number of the ants used in Chinese orange-culture, and by practical tests in the vine-fields to ascertain whether or not they would be serviceable in checking the destructive work of the *Phylloxera*, by reducing the numbers of the latter.

#### A SUMMER'S DAY.

It was a lovely day, a summer's day—  
A day when Nature seemed to sleep in peace,  
And all around was peace. The feathered songsters  
Warbled their hymns of praise and sweet content  
To their Creator; while the gentle breeze  
Dreamingly stirring in the tall tree-tops,  
Sighing a sigh of peace in the long grass,  
Bending with stately grace the golden corn,  
Murmuring sweet nothings to the dainty rye,  
Joined in the chorus ever and anon,  
Then trembled into silence.

Suddenly,  
The spell is rudely snapt; for, rushing on  
With sharp, shrill scream, and loudly clanging bell,  
We see the fiery monster with its freight,  
Immense, of living souls. On, on it speeds  
Until the last pale cloud of steam departs,  
And once again the silence reigns supreme.  
The sun, the glorious sun, is shining bright,  
High in the heavens, and tinting all around  
With his own golden glory; and afar,  
Glinting like diamonds, radiant in the light,  
Lies the clear sea, so calm, in such repose  
That not a ripple stirs it. All is peace.

On rustic seat beneath yon spreading tree,  
Two lovers sit in their unconscious bliss.  
Surely the peace has entered their young hearts  
On this glad summer day. The man is one—  
True, tender, loyal—such as women love;  
And she, a fair young girl, in silent joy  
And rosy happiness, doth list to hear  
That which perchance her heart had known before.  
Breathing in earnest words his tale of love,  
He bends his head to hear her answering voice,  
Then looks up satisfied. Her heart is won.

'Tis sad to know such peace may change to storms,  
To know the sun must sometimes be obscured,  
To know the tuneful birds will cease to sing,  
To know that blessed love may change to hate.  
Yet while the summer sun, and love, and peace,  
Are each and all our own, we will be glad,  
Lifting a thankful heart to God who gives.  
And when the storm shall come—as come it may—  
May He to whom we turn in time of grief  
Say to our sorrowing spirits, 'Peace! be still!'

N. J. H.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.
- 4th. Poetical offerings should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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